

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE FURTHERANCE OF

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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Alice L. Cleather, F. J. Dick, Editors.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

JOY.

Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry : it is a song.—*Light on the Path*.

Two thousand five hundred years ago a great teacher of wisdom and compassion said that the first truth is of Sorrow, and amplified the teaching by explaining the cause thereof—the second truth. The third told of surcease of sorrow, and in the fourth truth he unfolded the nature of the path of liberation. To-day many perceive keenly the first truth, though still ignorant of its true cause, notwithstanding their fancied high civilisation. Yet there are very many who have either learned or know intuitively that personal desire of one kind or another is the true cause of all sorrow, misery, deformity of mind or body, depravity and insanity ; and who lead lives ennobled by the simple performance of duty and effort untrammelled by personal longings, ambitions or appetites. These have their footsteps directed to the entrance of the path of knowledge of life; and as their work and their sympathies broaden, by degrees a new and glorious truth begins to dawn, even as it dawned on Whitman, Wagner, and all true lovers of and active workers for the Humanity of which they were, and still are, part. The realisation of it comes in its fulness to those who have passed through much suffering. Their active lives, wide sympathies, devoted service and heroic efforts to alleviate sorrow and ignorance, lead the waves of true life to descend upon and permeate them, and they learn that Life is Joy !

With new discerning eyes they gaze on the misery in the world and realise that sorrow is not the major but the minor factor in earthly life. Aside from local conditions induced by hunger or disease, can we too not discern some glimpses of this truth in the life around us? The joy of children! Look among the poor. Their mutual helpfulness and neighbourliness, which puts to shame the reserve of other

classes, tell of an inner joy—despite their wailings, or rather those who wail for them—without which the spirit of love and forbearance that is among many of them could not live. Or go into the country districts, where amidst an almost ludicrous ignorance there is yet found a substratum of real happiness that often eludes the dwellers in cities. More than that, most of those who are unhappy are not so from lack of proper or healthy environment, but solely in their minds. Not less but more real the unhappiness, till its true cause be learned.

The illumination of life's problems produced by a grasp of the ideas of pre-existence and responsibility for our future, produces a feeling of joy. Still deeper the joy when men, worthy of the name, realise that they must themselves suffer for the cruelties and unkindnesses inflicted on relatives or comrades "by want of thought or want of heart."

If, then, we truly live, we shall in like manner be truly joyous. Sunny dispositions will dwell with us, and morose ones vanish. Fits of "the blues" will in vain seek to obsess us, for there is never work lacking to take us out of our narrow selves into the stream of universal life that unconsciously wells up in the hearts of all. We shall not shut ourselves off from our fellows to worship ancient elementals or modern fairies; nor turn longing eyes to astral realms of illusion however beautiful and seductive; nor be led astray by wily appeals to our vanity and love of power; for these things savour of death, not life, and lead finally to unspeakable woe in place of boundless joy.

As one of the workers said recently, "Work for the U. B. is joy." Truly so, for the U. B. is an organisation that works with the Universal Life, to make it felt by all in its aspect of Universal Brotherhood. And the more quickly its work spreads the nearer approaches the era of Universal Joy.

Self-discipline is based on self-knowledge. It is said somewhere that self-discipline often leads one to a state of self-confidence which becomes vanity and pride in the long run. I say, foolish is the man who says so. This may happen only when our motives are of a worldly character or selfish: otherwise self-confidence is the first step to that kind of *will* which will make a mountain move. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."—H. P. B.

"THE SOUL'S QUEST."*

THOUGHTS written deeply on the tablets of mind must, sooner or later, reappear in solid ink and paper on the bookstall; for the advance-thought of a few earnest thinkers of to-day becomes, by unerring law, the current opinion of to-morrow. Therefore, we are not surprised to find on the bookstalls, over the signature of a famous American preacher, thoughts which Theosophists have long cherished and deeply graven in the world's thought-substance. No mere boycotting of Theosophical books will avail long to keep such thoughts out of print and out of the hands of the public.

Dr. Abbott forms the link between these broader ideas and the religious thought of the day. His sermon is calculated to show that breadth of view and tolerance do not by any means spell irreligion and scepticism. He does not ask Christians to give up their religion, but only to abandon the idolatry into which some of them have stumbled.

"Belief in the Apostles' Creed, in the Nicene Creed, in the Westminster Confession "of Faith, in the Thirty-Nine Articles, has taken the place of faith in God and in His "Son Jesus Christ. Other men have gone behind the Creed, and said, 'We believe in "the Church which made the Creed'; or behind the Church to the Bible. . . . "Some men are content with the creed; other men are content with the Church; other "men are content with the Book. But in either case they stop at the eidolon—the "image, the symbol."

He points out that the religion is the *means* of approaching God; and that many are worshipping the means instead of the God. Whenever a reformer comes forth and points out this error, people are afraid, and think they are being asked to give up their faith. They are only required to throw away their crutches.

We find, in this sermon, that God is distinctly recognised as a universal mind and soul, which can blend with the mind and soul of man, so as to make man divinely wise and good. Is not this an advance on the idea of a divine autocrat with a clique of cringing vassals at his feet, whom He leads like an aggressive army against the vast majority of His own creatures who do not belong to the clique?

"In all climates and countries, among all races and in all epochs, under all "creeds and theologies, this experience of communion with the Eternal is seen. He "is addressed by many names, many and inconsistent conceptions of Him are formed ". . . . But whatever the language, whatever the phase of experience, faith in the "reality of the fellowship inspires the prayer."

Added to this acknowledgment that God is the God of all men, whatever their creed, caste, or colour, we find the recognition of a spiritual faculty in man—a God-sense, as it were. Some men have

* By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. London : James Bowden, 1898.

this faculty in full activity ; in others it is deadened. Those in whom it is deadened should not preach to those in whom it is active. As Victor Hugo says :—

“ There is, we are aware, a philosophy which denies the Infinite. There is also “ a philosophy, classed pathologically, which denies the sun ; this philosophy is called “ blindness. To set up a sense we lack as a source of truth is a fine piece of blind “ man’s assurance.”

To continue our quotations from Dr. Abbott :—

“ He who would see God must use the faculty with which God is seen ; and if he “ would do this, he must let men who are rich in the faculty which perceives the “ invisible, . . . guide, teach, inspire him. Paul has given this counsel in four “ sentences, which are not the disconnected aphorisms they are sometimes taken to “ be : ‘ Quench not the spirit ; despise not prophesying ; prove all things ; hold fast “ that which is good ! ’ Which may be liberally rendered thus : Do not extinguish “ the spiritual nature within you, by suffering that part of your powers to be atrophied. “ Despise not the men who live in the invisible world, and bear testimony out of their “ experience to the things which they have seen and known. Yet take not all utter-“ ances of all prophets as of equal authority ; test them.”

Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin are quoted to the effect that they are conscious of something higher than intellectual-material science in their brighter moments.

Finally Dr. Abbott refers Christians to the type of a God-man set before them in the Gospels. He leaves them considerable liberty in interpreting the mystery of Christ and His life ; but urges them to study that life and character as pourtrayed, and *to copy it*.

One step further could our author have taken, and let us take it now : let us recognise the other God-men that have lived on this earth, and held up the light to other nations. God manifests Himself to some degree in all men ; in a few transcendently. These latter are the world’s Christs. Jesus is ours ; Krishna is for the Hindoos ; the Buddhists have Buddha. Every religion is a means of approach to God. Every world-saviour is a type of the God-man. Every world-saviour gives instructions to his followers how to become like unto him.

H. T. E.

“ After watching the process [of the development of some small animal from an egg] hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work.”—Huxley, *Lay Sermons*, p. 260.

THE "THREE QUALITIES" IN POETRY.

THE poetic gift is a variety of the philosophical, and this truth explains a good deal in the history of thought. The poet praises beauty, strength, joy, intoxication, courage, riches, rank, magnificence—why then is there not a universal instinct amongst men to crown and foster this being who is the voice of their souls, and why is it left altogether to himself to make his happiness? Why were the greatest poets most wretched, and the happiest those who looked least to the world for their happiness? Life being lived from within outward draws its renewal from within, and the great poet sinks a well of such renewal to satisfy his own thirst: but what credentials can he offer for his ingenuous self-revelation in a world whose life is all on the outside? With the best intentions, the world can hardly be expected to do him justice. Moreover, as the philosopher seeks to reduce the shows of the universe to a meaning, so the poet values them as they supply him with a word. The world sees this in the man and is cold to his real coldness, though it accepts the homage of his art. He stands midway between the world and wisdom, a pillar of fire to the world, a pillar of cloud to the philosopher. He hopes to achieve the synthesis of enjoyment and enlightenment. But though his face is turned to the world, it is from behind, from philosophy, that the voices he hears come: it is in truth, in vision, in reality that he must find peace. Poets are the infancy of the coming race; philosophers are the age of the race that is passing. Philosophers are confirmed in experience; poets are inspired by hope. The philosopher has once been a poet; the poet, after many vexations and disillusionments, will one day be a philosopher. Philosophy consorts with poetry as age is thrown with youth, while the world is absent all day on its affairs, and it is from this old friend that the poet gains his lore. Poetry is a never-ceasing wonder and interest to philosophy, which sees itself young again in poetry and eager to take possession of the world, and it is more at home with this child than with the grown-up world which neglects it. Philosophy speaks with best authority on poetry, and one of the chief bequests of philosophy is a criticism of poetry.

A criticism of modern poetry as drastic as Plato's criticism of Greek poetry is what we want in literature at the present day.* Our critics lie on their backs and look at the clouds: the husbandman who has committed his hopes to the soil scans the heavens with another

* It can no longer be said that we are quite without it since the publication this year of Tolstoi's "What is Art?"

kind of interest. They do not construct an ideal republic and decide what poetry they will allow into it, and what not. Criticism is without a criterion. It is philosophy which recognises in poetry a form of the universal, and which sees in the poet a man in a universal relation. The interest of philosophy in poetry is, therefore, the measure of its reality, and the true critic is not merely one skilled in external standards of comparison, and who while praising a poem is as ready to praise a picture or a horse, but one who is possessed of the vision which recognises when humanity has uttered itself authentically. The criticism of craftsmen and connoisseurs is insufficient because they do not bring poetry to the test of inner principles, nor view it as philosophy must do, if it take cognisance of poetry at all, in its universal relations. There is a point in the history of poetry up to which it unfolds itself spontaneously and by inherent laws; but when the philosophic consciousness is awakened, if it be not regulated thereby, it tends more and more to separate itself as a special craft from the main interests of mankind and is regarded as containing its own criterion and not as having it in the nature of man: a fallacy similar to that which has left the stately Catholic Church far in the wake of human progress. Poetry protests against such a fate by its very nature, by commanding itself with a thousand charms and holds on the memory to the consciousness to which it assimilates itself. More than any other product of the human mind it retains its subjective character, the mood and breath of its creation: the more objectively perfect is its utterance, the more it remains subjectively efficient. It would seem therefore least likely to become anything like an institution; and yet it has been tending to become one, and must become one more and more while the criticism which it obeys continues mainly technical and comparative, and is not philosophical and moral. Poetry, when it has approached a technical perfection which might have satisfied Rossetti, will make a discovery as painful as that made by the good Catholic Church when, at the height of its perfection as a system, it found that the religious genius of humanity stood outside it: poetry will find that poetic genius stands outside it. In truth, we may wonder if this has not already come to pass in some measure in the age of Whitman and Wagner, or when Carlyle is denied by Matthew Arnold the rank of a "man of letters."*

The criticism of such ardent pessimists as Shelley and Wagner, who saw in art the sole refuge from a squalid reality, can hardly satisfy

* Matthew Arnold's denial of a place among men of letters to Carlyle and Emerson is somewhat as though Malherbe had denied such a place, as perhaps he did, to Rabelais and Montaigne.

those who have learned from Wordsworth or the descendants of the New England Puritans to regard poetry simply as a fact of life. We seek in literature and art, not a shrine to creep to from a refrigerating planet, but an ark to carry us through the deluge. The artists of Europe take fright at this intellectual anarchy of democracy, which is perhaps to do for the feudal civilisation, in another manner, what the barbaric invasions did for the ancient world : obliterate, absorb and transform it. Before this invasion of averageness and commonsense, this heartless and profane jocularity, this universal advantage of insensibility, this mixing of the elements anew, art, by an instinct in one way suicidal, in another self-preserved, severs the living bond of its connection with the familiar interests of mankind and entrenches itself within style, technique and mysticism. This liability of art to become straitened after a period of enlargement is to be accepted as part of its natural history ; it is for man to catch a glimpse of the larger purposes of nature, which does not undertake to guarantee the preservation of every instrument it uses. To maintain the arts and doctrines and to support the crumbling shrines, is a task which it abandons to man for his consolation.

Pending the appearance of fundamental beliefs in European thought, by which all things must at last be tested, an interesting critique of English poetry might be instituted on the basis of the Hindu doctrine of the "Three Qualities arising from Nature," which are held to govern life in all its relations, to determine the nature of every affection, thought, action, and which are named in the order in which they are surmounted : *tamas*, the quality of indifference, ignorance, delusion ; *rajas*, the quality of passion, inciting to action ; and *sattva*, the quality of enlightenment, or spiritual knowledge. This doctrine, the exposition of which occupies a large portion of the *Bhagavad Gita*, may be identified with the fundamental thought of Plato's "Republic," and indeed no one who has once entertained it will easily let it go out of his mind. The notion of an ultimate emancipation from these "qualities," or from existence itself as we understand it (*Nirvana*), is rather an intellectual necessity than anything with which we need trouble ourselves, and is perhaps not more frightful than Kant's conception of the "thing in itself." If we turn to English poetry, and consider its gradual unfolding in the light of this doctrine, we shall find three stages of growth suggested : one answering to the spiritual torpor and animal spirits of boyhood, the second to the passions of adolescence, and the third to the serenity and conviction which are the achievement of life. In the first period, out of which the great name of

Chaucer rises, before destiny has awakened to full self-consciousness the powers that reside in a nation, while it is still an organic rather than a political unity, and the psychic passions still slumber, we may speak of *tamas*, or spiritual indifference, as the characteristic and legitimate quality, perfectly seasonable, while life is still mainly physical and fallow. In the second period, the insurgence of the emotional life brings the first manifestations of art. A national drama properly belongs to that historical moment when a nation is passing from an organic to a political unity, when life is ceasing to be instinctual and is becoming self-conscious. Art is the efflorescence beneath which is matured the fruit of wisdom: the form of the expression of passion; and hence it has been truly said:

“In the vaunted works of art,
The master-stroke is nature's part.”

Most fleeting in its phenomena, it permanently characterises the national thought from which it originates. In its functional aspect, it objectifies experience to the intellect. The Shakspearian drama is the literature *par excellence* of the *rajas* quality. In the Puritan movement, that “grave experience” to which England owes its superiority, and which finds a voice in Milton, we see passion passing into aspiration; and later on we find the *sattva* quality, or the quality of enlightenment, to which literature had previously attained in rare passages, in the new simplicity inaugurated by Wordsworth.

Though there seems thus to be an historical succession in the appearance of the “three qualities,” and though one seems to colour the productions of one age and another of another, yet the three exist finally side by side; and in a great national poem, for instance, the physical basis, including the merely local, particular and temporary, would be the *tamas*; while the *rajas* would contribute the elements of passion and beauty held in fixity by their natural accompaniment, art; and the *sattva*, like snow on the crests of the loftiest peaks, would crown with eternal wisdom those passages which had mounted loftiest in passion. It is this last which wins the homage and recognition of philosophy, whose interest in art is otherwise mainly pathological and perfunctory; but to the heights reached by poetry it must itself ascend from time to time for confirmation and invigoration, and have them in view even from the market-place. In general, we may say that degeneration in literature is a reversion from the *rajas* quality to the *tamas*, while its normal tendency is from the *rajas* to the *sattva*. Thus in the Elizabethan age we see the *tamas* quality persisting as dullness into an age to which the *rajas* is proper, and so in our own day we see

the legitimate productions of the *rajas* persisting as *belles lettres* into an age athirst for the *sattva*. So much is this the case that a serious man hardly likes to confess his chief interest to be "literature," as the word might confound him with some who continue, with Heaven knows what confidence, to propagate *belles lettres*, and who drink as the sincere milk of the word the wonderful French doctrine of the relativity of truth and virtue; as if, as moral and intellectual agents, we had any concern with the relativity of either. The literature which interested Lessing, Schlegel, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman, Tolstoi, was not *belles lettres*. The spirit of their criticism is identical with the deepest ambition of the age, to body forth in literature the faith that is in it, that it may have something in the external world to look to for support and guidance, as other ages have had. In Walt Whitman, especially, this criticism rose to prophetic authority.

It is not, however, altogether the fault of modern poetry if it does not come within the cognisance of philosophy, as Greek poetry came within the cognisance of Greek philosophy. The relation of philosophy to poetry is now of a somewhat different order, and lies in that renewal of the soul in nature, celebrated by Wordsworth, and the inspiration of the only optimism which has redeemed this era. This is the child which in these latter days has been born unto philosophy, and to whose birth wise men have come once again from the East; and philosophy if it is wise will acknowledge this infant, not expecting from it all at once a metaphysical system or a fine art, but satisfied if the hope of the world, which seemed dead, is alive and young again in it. Those writers who have written in the inspiration of this new birth, particularly in New England, have been reproached with desiring to destroy institutions and to break with tradition. But they desire to break nothing: they are only satisfied that whatever breaks was no final tie; and as for the future, theirs is the higher faith that every good influence is cumulative and ensures a good tradition. Between an institution and a tendency what inspired man will hesitate? Every institution has once been a tendency, and from every institution a tendency escapes. The only optimism is that which perceives good influences to be cumulative, and bad disintegrative.

JOHN EGLINTON.

THEOSOPHY IN NORSE LEGEND.

(Continued from p. 50.)

FINALLY, one of the names of Odin was *Omi*. This, to a Theosophist, settles the identity of the chief god of the North. He was the Word incarnated—God manifest in the flesh. The unfortunate thing is that Christians limit the most High by claiming a monopoly for the event of 1,900 years ago. And yet I have read the pertinent question “if Christ come *again* shall He find faith on the earth?” If the possibility of another coming can be held by orthodox folk, why cannot they attempt to realise the possibility of *previous* comings during the vast ages of man’s pilgrimage on the earth?

The next in importance among the Norse gods is Thor. He is distinctly the representative of physical might or force. “He represents the creative energies of the universe. Described as having a red beard. He wears a wreath of stars. When grasping his hammer (The Swastika, remember) he wore iron gauntlets. He also wore the magical belt (electric current?), and rode on a car drawn by two rams with silver bridle (male and female element).”

Now the object I have before me in writing these articles is to afford hints to students, rather than to attempt an elaborate account of Norse Mythology. Therefore I shall not dwell at any length on the character and doings of Thor. It is significant however that, as the Norse people lost touch with the spiritual side of their most ancient faith; as they became more and more “immersed in matter”—Thor became their chief deity. Might became right. Thor was, in the later records, regarded as the father of Odin, instead of the reverse!

Thor can, without difficulty, be identified with the deities of other races. Indra represents him in the Vedic mythology; Zeus in the Greek; Jupiter in the Roman. It is worth noting, in connection with the first-named of these, that Thor is occasionally referred to in the Sagas as Thor-Indrude. But all these identifications—with others that might be named—must be carefully limited. Remember: none of these deities are *personalities*. They are simply aspects of the One Divine. The identity between them is generic and not special. They are not so many figures struck from the same die: on the contrary, there is considerable variety in the details presented to us, as we study what is said about these characters in mythological works. For our purpose it is enough that they all represent the *forces of physical evolution*; mainly in connection with this planet of ours, and during the fifth race of its human inhabitants.

Passing on to the stories (or parables) in Norse Mythology there is one that should be especially interesting just now. People are keenly interested in the music-dramas of Richard Wagner. Those who have read the life of this great musician will be aware that he freely drew upon Northern legends; or, rather that he draws upon the German rendering of those legends—the *Nibelungen Lied*. Those who care to find the original source of Wagner's inspiration cannot do better than read the *Volsunga* saga, so beautifully rendered into English verse by William Morris, under the title of *Sigurd the Volsung*.

Now the story I am about to relate contains not a few of the leading ideas presented both in Wagner's dramas and in the *Volsunga* saga. A certain man whose name was Svipdag—son of Owandel and Groa, was bidden by his step-mother (Sif) to go and seek "those fond of ornaments." Svipdag, doubting his own power to accomplish this quest, goes first to his dead mother's grave—she having promised to help him in any time of need. Groa tells him to set forth, and at his request sings nine protecting incantations over him. Thus fortified he starts on his journey—or journeys, to speak more correctly. He has to cross dreadful rivers, to encounter enemies, to endure the scorn of men, to travel into regions of terrible cold, and finally to visit the lower world. He emerges thence into the realm of Mimer (memory, experience). By Mimer's aid he gets possession of a wonderful sword, that fights of itself if a wise man own it; that also—and this is a point worth noting—is the only weapon against which Thor's mighty hammer is powerless.

Thus armed, Svipdag is at length able to enter Asgard (the home of the gods), and there he meets Freya (the higher mind), and the two are united. Freya bears another name, which is Menglad, or "one fond of ornaments." She it is in reality whom his step-mother had bidden him discover. And Freya, or Menglad, recognises in Svipdag one to whom she had been united long before.

I have given but the briefest outline of this story, which belongs to the very oldest traditions of the north. Rydberg, with laborious sagacity, identifies the hero, Svipdag, with other heroes of ancient story; such as Yngve, Ericus, Otharus, Heremod, and finally Ulysses. And all these identifications serve but to strengthen the Theosophical interpretation of the Svipdag myth, viz., that it pourtrays with scientific accuracy the efforts of man to emancipate himself from his lower nature; to blend the lower mind with the higher mind; to obey the divine command: "Man, know thyself."

In the story of Svipdag we have another bit of evidence that our Norse forefathers were Theosophists. And the details of the story bear on the face of them proof that these "barbarians" (!) were experienced occultists. They knew the Path.

WILLIAM JAMESON.

(*To be continued.*)

THROUGH MANY PRISMS.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS."

WHEN, in the fast approaching twentieth century, the history of the nineteenth comes to be written; when, in the years of peace to follow the closing catastrophes of this our enlightened time, the retrospective eyes of humanity search out and place on record the names of those great thinkers who have dared to proclaim the message of truth; then, most assuredly, Thomas Carlyle will stand pre-eminent amongst his peers in the world of thought. For in him indeed, as "Saladin" records, shone the Shekinah light of GENIUS; and throughout *Sartor Resartus* one may find the high, illuminative power of Intuition manifesting its radiance through Intellect (but not controlled by it), showing to the earnest student how to the steady gaze of the soul of man the dark places of human life and the causes of human misery become discernible and understandable.

Perfect sincerity: an unflinching facing of facts: these are the keynotes of Carlyle's *Sartor*. Before leaving Carlyle to speak for himself (for paraphrase were an indignity—and an impossibility) we should remember that "*Clothes, their Origin and Influence*," and Professor "Diogenes Teufelsdröckh" himself, are fictions; save in so far as they actually refer to and are pen-names for Carlyle's philosophy, and, perchance, the personality of Carlyle himself!

Let us now turn to Carlyle, and see what he has to say upon one momentous point after another. First upon

BROTHERHOOD.

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* my Brother. Thy very hatred, thy very envy, those foolish lies thou teldest of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted sympathy? Were I a steam-engine, wouldest thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.'

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts: Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up

within the largest imaginable glass-bell, what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for all the world! Post letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy glass walls, but have to drop unread; neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchasing hand: thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time; there has a Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned-up again.'

'Such venous-arterial circulation, of letters, verbal messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him and coming in, are a blood circulation, visible to the eye: but the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face that blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing: all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it: will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Universe.'

'If now an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation.'

And further:—

'Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not.'

' . . . *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men*; . . .
. . . for always, of its own unity, the soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks on with love; . . .'

What more forcible or eloquent testimony could one desire to the truthfulness of the conception of Universal Brotherhood—and of its basis in the spiritual nature of Mankind? Yet let us note this vital fact, so easily overlooked, so oft forgotten; that it is one thing to accept with the Intellect merely, and to carefully catalogue as excellent generalisations these world-old concepts and teachings; it is indeed quite another to realise and to *experience* that inner unfoldment of the soul's own nature and being—a process as often as not of a catastrophic and foundation-shaking order—through which the man at last emerges, at the price of perhaps unspeakable anguish, to a full and complete *knowledge* of those spiritual verities which lie at the basis of man's very existence, let alone his evolutionary path of progress. The strength and forcefulness of Carlyle's writing (in *Sartor*, at all events) arises from this very fact, that he had himself gone through *that* of which no man speaks lightly, if at all; and his sincerity and outspokenness are the natural expression of actual and awful *knowledge* thus dearly bought and learnt and realised. Small wonder that he screens the auto-biographical element in this book under the mask of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh! For *Sartor* is indeed not only a record of spiritual facts but of the travails of a man who trod the painful path to that vantage ground whence, with opened eyes, he could perceive something

of the Reality underlying the Mirage of human "life." It is the story of a spiritual pilgrimage. This much, to evidence Carlyle's point of view and, hence, the intrinsic value of his utterances. It is not my purpose to lay bare the steps of that solemn journey as depicted fragmentarily—yet sufficiently—by Carlyle. For that each must read and understand for himself. I have rather made this digression that the distinction betwixt the paths of Head and Heart may be once more recalled to the reader's mind, and that he may understand which it was that our author travelled and his consequent inner attitude to the everlasting problem of human life and progress. What Carlyle said has been said before; will be said again. Hence its value is not in its novelty, for it has none, but is rather to be found in the above-mentioned reasons. As however, the general purpose of this article is to show that Carlyle *did* say these things, let us turn to him once more, with an understanding perhaps of the personal note that sounds here and there, as witness the following :—

'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love; an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, or sobs of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel stepdame; Man, with his so mad wants and so mean endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow;*" by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.'

C. H. C.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE PAPERS.—III.

The Nobility of Human Life.

THERE is an aspect of human life on earth which we are apt to forget, perhaps have never considered at all. In studying mind, soul, feelings, and the other subjective parts of human nature, it is time to add the body as a worthy object of study.

The body is the property of nature, and nature makes a most important use of it, and has an aim when she provides us with it in which we can greatly aid her. That aim of which I now speak is not at all concerned with the benefit or education of man, but with the life that lies far below him, in the air, the water, the earth, the plants and

animals. For all these enter the body of man, yield up something, and return again for awhile to nature. We are responsible for what happens to that something yielded up in the body and left in our charge.

Everyone knows that a man's energy, his force, is dependent upon his food. Insufficient food, or bad food, means that he does a poor day's work, whether his work be mechanical or intellectual. It looks as though he translated the latent energy of the food into his own manifested energy. Suppose he comes home tired after a long day's work. His mind is inactive, his feelings dim, his consciousness contracted. He partakes properly of a proper meal, and in half an hour his mind works fully and strongly, and his feelings become bright. Is then intellect and feeling stored in the food, and if not how come intellect and feeling to be bettered by food? A real transmutation has happened; the low life of the food reappears as the much higher life of thought and feeling. The physical molecules of the food leave the body in various ways devoid of the life with which they had entered it, and the manifested life of the man, on whatever plane he lives it, becomes by that much enhanced. The dignity of eating turns out to be greater than we had imagined. The soul of man, incarnated in his body, becomes the elevator and redeemer of all the life that enters the body; thus discharging, well or ill, its duty to all that is below it.

Let us look at this more closely. Energy continually streams upon the earth from the sun, life in the raw state, to reappear in the elaborated life of plants. Of animals also; but let us for the moment deal with plants only, and let us suppose that the food of a given man consists only of plants, that he is a strict vegetarian. Beyond the not very large amount of life-energy which he gets direct from the sun, it is clear that most of what he uses to build, maintain and actuate his body, and to keep going all of his conscious activities which are dependent upon his body (including, of course, the whole nervous system), comes from the plants, is *their* life made into *his*. The tissues of the plant are charged with energy, called, technically, "potential energy." Entering the body of man, this energy is by him absorbed; and the matter which had made up the tissues of the plant is discharged from the skin and elsewhere, devoid of most of its life or energy. Returning to the air, the water, and the earth, it is again exposed to sunlight, again drinks life therefrom, again becomes living plant-tissue. In reality, each cell of the millions that make up the plant is a life, or rather, the little physical body of a life; and this little spark of life does not lose its individuality because for awhile it makes a part of the life of man. It associates itself with human consciousness, and lends the molecular

energy of its body to make part of the energy of the body and brain of man. With the aid of this energy man builds and repairs his body, and makes of it a possible temple for his consciousness on earth. Without a body we could not gain consciousness on earth ; through it we become aware of matter, and through it the little lives whose bodies are the molecules of stones and the cells of plants are enabled for a little while to touch the soul of man and so to be helped and guided forward in their evolution. So we deal with many factors. There is the molecular energy of the plant cells, becoming the energy of the cells of the human body, and thus enabling the soul of man to attain a more or less brilliant consciousness in the body ; and for most men this is all the consciousness they think or know of.

There is the soul of the plant cell, touching and associating for awhile with the soul of man and thus having its consciousness raised a little, a very little, higher, made a little clearer. There is the body of man, the habitation of so many myriads of souls beside his own, from all of which he gains something, to all of which he gives something. These enter and leave it perpetually, to reincarnate in their appropriate places in nature, and so the circle continues. Lastly the soul of man, only just beginning to recognise itself as something distinct from his body and as having many other possibilities of consciousness besides that in bcdy so entirely dependent upon the matter-lives by which it is there surrounded, and which almost *constitute* its consciousness there.

So eating, besides the energy it confers, involves association in the body with our younger brothers in nature, and is in reality a sacred act. Every thought, base and sensual, or high and spiritual, affects these little comrades to their good or ill, to their hastening or to their retardation, and upon us depends the whole march of nature. Every cell of every plant and animal possesses not only "life" in the sense of vibratory energy derived from the sun and potential energy stored in its structure, but is ensouled by a life, a soul, a conscious point; and this latter, reincarnating from cell to cell as each dies, and from plant to plant, often passes on the way through the body of man, there getting its upward impulse.

HERBERT CORVN.

THE USE OF STORIES IN LOTUS CIRCLES.

AMONG the great thinkers who have planned schemes of education the greatest are those who have founded their system on the wide principle that the perfect type of humanity is reached by the harmonious development of every faculty. They have realised that all growth fulfils itself in silence under the chords of harmony.

Everyone who has studied child-life will agree that of all the parts of its complicated structure, that which in it recognises and loves the beautiful in nature and character is the first to awaken into full life before the mind begins its questioning into the why and wherefore of being.

Among the most important of the means for training this inner, imaginative life, which is so much neglected by our National Schools, we must place stories.

Before we can tell stories really well we must keep before our mind what we are aiming at, what are the uses which stories subserve, for thinking about them in this way will give far more force when we come to relate them. It must always be remembered that in teaching little children, words are of the least importance; the feeling and thought behind in the narrator's mind is the true language which all children understand and to which they respond.

Stories are the child's first introduction into that grand world of the Ideal in character and life; and the first and highest use of stories is to enable a child to form a pure and noble ideal of what man may be and do. A child who is taught only certain moral precepts, and who has had no representation put before him of these truths expressed in characters and pictures rising above the common level, will lack the courage, the energy, the aspiration and still more the humility necessary to raise his own character and life to the highest standard.

Another use of stories is that they lead the child out of his own immediate surroundings into another world, and thus next to companionship, they serve to destroy that egotism which looks on self as the pivot of all things. The child is brought into touch with lives of children whom he has never seen or known of before; his life is henceforth bound up with theirs, it becomes wider, and he is helped to feel more fully the bond which unites him to the members of his world.

A third use of stories is, in the illustrations they supply to children of the laws governing life. We may tell a child over and over again that a certain course of action will produce certain evil results, but because cause and effect are often too far apart the child soon forgets

our lesson ; but if on the contrary the law is shown in action in a story, the teaching will be likely to leave lasting impressions. A wise old gardener, endeavouring to train his children in the way they should go, hit upon the plan of reading moral instructions from the Bible, and illustrating them from Shakespeare's plays

One of the most important uses of stories is for the development of sympathy, or the imagination of the heart.

As a rule, children have little experience of human suffering and misery, and stories bring into their lives a large amount of experience, which would otherwise be lacking. This gives an opportunity also of explaining the power of thought, of realising that thoughts are things powerful to help or hinder humanity, as we will.

Again, through stories are the little ones brought into sympathy with the One Life, they learn to love and watch the fairy forces at work, they can sympathise with the struggles of the plant-soul reaching up to the light out of great difficulty of environment. Between stone, plant, animal and child are bonds of sympathy established which reciprocally aid one another as they alike struggle upward.

A fifth use of stories lies in the inspiration they give to take up particular lines of thought and action in preference to others. For this purpose we picture to the little ones, in vivid colouring, the heroes of the world, they who have fought the fight of self and have conquered. We do not aim at making them copy this or that particular action, but we ourselves must intensely feel the power of that life worthy of example in order that this subtle feeling may penetrate the souls of the little ones and inspire them to follow the spirit of the action rather than perform the actual thing itself.

Some suggestions as to the choice of stories may be useful. In examining children's literature we can divide it into the classes of Ideal and Realistic.

Ideal stories include fairy stories, allegories, and fables; we will take fairy stories first, as they are the highest kind and possess an irresistible charm for children.

On the examination of any genuine fairy story we always find its heart is some great spiritual truth wrapped round in a mass of words. The events and facts of the story show us the truth in action, and as the faerie world is a world not restricted by our ordinary laws, we find each event worked out to perfection, we feel at once the spirit working through matter.

Let me illustrate the composition of a real fairy story by a brief analysis of "Sleeping Beauty." The heart of the story is this—that

hatred works death, but love in the end triumphs; through love alone can the works of hate be destroyed. Or we can find in it the triumph of Spirit over Matter, of Self over self—in all such stories there are many meanings.

SCENE I.

The christening of the child—curse of the malignant fairy who had received no invitation to the ceremony—the child must die—the curse afterwards changed into death-like sleep. (The soul becomes immersed in matter.)

SCENE II.

The king orders destruction of spindles—(an unspiritual means—it is no use attacking force on the material plane). An old witch spins in a garret of the castle—the Princess enters—pricks herself—over-powered by sleep, forgets her real life—around the citadel of the soul grows the high hedge of thorns and briars set by hate to prevent the entrance into the world of (spiritual) sleep—hate triumphant.

SCENE III.

Princes arrive—desire to see the beauty of the Princess—desire alone is unable to carry them through the thorns—time itself has no power to change the curse until the right cycle arrives to make it possible.

SCENE IV.

The true Prince appears—he is counselled not to attempt the hedge, suffering and death await him—but neither suffering nor death can daunt him—love is stronger than fear—he approaches the hedge—the thorns turn to roses in front and change, after he has passed, to thorns—love can dare all in front, but there is no smoothing of the way of retreat—he enters the castle—all share the sleep of death—king, courtiers, cooks, dogs, the horses in the stables, the flies on the window panes, even the leaves and flowers are still—asleep—waiting for the signal of awaking.

At the first expression of love that can give and suffer all, the whole world of death awakes to life, thought is infused with energy, hate submits to love. “And they all lived happily ever after,” is the conclusion of the fine old story.

MILDRED SWANNELL.

(*To be concluded.*)

[EDITORS' NOTE.—The Lotus is said to contain within itself the perfect miniature of the future plant, the promise of the future. As an ancient emblem of purity, it was adopted in connection with the training groups for children now forming everywhere as one of the activities of Universal Brotherhood, to fit them as future workers for Humanity.]

NOTES.

CHANGE, they say, is the law of growth. Then we must be in a fairly progressive condition! In our last issue "Irish hearts" were requested to forward contributions for the Irish stall at the forthcoming Brotherhood Bazaar to Mr. K. M. Lundberg, at 3, Vernon Place. He has, however, just sailed for New York, *via* Montreal, and with Mr. Sidney Coryn. So another line is laid between the old countries and the New World; another link added. Meanwhile, intending contributors please note that they should address all parcels to Mr. Basil Crump, who still remains at his post in London.

* *

THE dramatic class there has, we hear, followed the example of the "Isis Musical and Dramatic" in New York, and betaken itself to the study of *Aeschylus*. This would seem to be well in line with the little that we, as yet, know of the probable future usefulness of such work. The grand yet simple lines on which the old Greek Master worked will surely act as a wholesome corrective to our modern ideas of dramatic art. Much that we often delude ourselves into thinking the best and highest art—and therefore worthy of love and admiration—is nothing of the kind. What after all do we really know of true art?

* *

THERE is a lack of proper training in knowledge of elementary theosophy and in the capacity for public speaking thereon, in some quarters, which is by no means difficult to remedy. Take for instance Mr. Burcham Harding's excellent little book on *Brotherhood*, and without reading the text at all let someone ask those present at a lodge meeting some of the questions to be found at the end of each chapter. Let each one in turn be asked to *stand up* and answer one of these questions; and it will be strange if our ignorance of simple yet important truths, and our incapacity for expressing them clearly, will not soon be remedied to a considerable extent.

* *

LET no one despise humble methods of training, not even those who already have the gift of fluent or perhaps eloquent speech.

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